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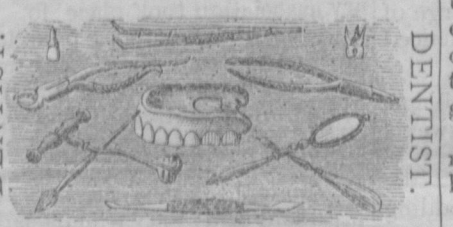
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VOLUME VII.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1878.

NUMBER 50.

POETRY.

BY AND BY.

What will it matter, by and by,
Whether my path below was bright,
Whether it wound through dark or light,
Under a gray or golden sky,
When I look back on it, by and by?

What will it matter, by and by,
Whether, unheeded, I toiled alone,
Dashing my foot against a stone,
Missing the charge of the angel nigh,
Bidding me think of the by and by?

What will it matter, by and by,
Whether, with laughing joy I went
Down through the years with a glad content,
Never believing, nay, not I,
Tears would be sweeter by and by?

What will it matter, by and by,
Whether with check to cheek I've lain
Close by the pallid angel, Pain,
Soothing myself through sob and sigh:
"All will be otherwise by and by?"

What will it matter? Naught, if I
Only am sure the way I've trod,
Gloomy or gladdened, leads to God,
Questioning not of the how, the why,
If I but reach Him, by and by.

What will I care for the muffled sigh,
If, in my fear of slip or fall,
Closely I've clung to Christ through all,
Mindless how rough the path might lie,
Since He will smooth it by and by?

Ah! it will matter, by and by,
Nothing but this: That joy or Pain
Lifted me skyward, helped to gain,
Whether through rack or smile or sigh,
Heaven—home—all in all, by and by!

—Margaret J. Preston.

STORE TELLER.

THE FIRST DENTIST.
A JEWISH BRISTOL CHRONICLE OF THE TIME
OF KING JOHN.

[1210.—The King compelled the
Jews to pay a great part of his charge
in Ireland. The burgesses of Bristol
contributed 1,000 marks. A Jew named
Abraham, and who is said to have
resided without the walls, on that
part of the Frome called the Broad
Weir, though cruelly tormented, re
fused to ransom himself. The King
ordered that he should every day lose
a tooth till he paid a thousand marks.
He lost one per day for seven days,
and then, having but one left, paid
the money.]

"Rebecca, child, what noise is that?"
inquired old Abraham of his daughter,
as pretty a maid as ever tripped through
Jewry-lane. The old man was at
that moment in a back room, furnished
in curious and quaint fashion, and
was engaged in looking over some
rich and beautiful set gems.

The girl did not answer, but seemed
to be engaged in earnest remembrance
with persons at the door. "We must
see him," said some rough voices; "so
stand back, little maiden, and let us
pass." Abraham came forth from his
sanctum. "What means this my worthy
men?" said he, terror in his face,
and addressing a body of halberdiers,
who had now forced their way in
through the outer bulk or shop.

"A writ from the King," said the
leader of the party; "you are assessed
in a thousand marks' contribution to
wards his Majesty's Irish charges, and
we require instant payment."

"A thousand devils—a thousand an
gels! I mean!" exclaimed the Jew;
"Does the King think I am a Cæsar,
and not poor Moses Abraham, of Bristol,
that he requires a royal ransom from
me? To save my head I could not
find a fifth part of the money."

"But you must find it, if you mean
to save your head, old Pagan," retort
ed the captain of the guard; "my or
ders are to commit you to prison, and
to detain you there until you find the
gold."

"I am ready to go," doggedly, if not
resignedly, said the Jew, delivering
himself up to the men.

"Take him not away," cried the
young girl, throwing herself at the
feet of the commander of the party.
"Do not! I beseech you; he is not
rich; at least he is not so rich as you
imagine. A tenth part of the money
shall be forthcoming if you will per
mit him to remain."

"A tenth part!" cried her father in
fright. "What dost thou mean, wench,
to talk like that? A fifth part, a hun
dredth part, I could not find to ran
som my whole tribe."

"Come along, come along," said the
officer, taking old Moses into custody;
"we shall find a way to make you get
the money." And they carried off the
old usurer of the Weir; his daughter,
having first looked the door, follow
ing, with tears in her eyes, and be
seeching her father, in whispers, to
buy off the bitter persecution. As
they passed along, folks ran to their
doors and jeered the old man, for he
was not popular, but pity for his hand
some and kind daughter mitigated the
public dislike. They entered the city
by Newgate, and in the prison, close
to that gate, old Abraham was con
fined. As soon as it was told the Roy
al Commissioner that the Jew re

fused his contribution, or, it might be
better called, imposition, it was or
dered that the public executioner
should daily draw a tooth from his
head until he relented.

Moses Abraham, on learning the
sentence, prepared to submit, though
his daughter besought him to save
himself the pain and agony by paying
the money.

"Pay the money—part with my
gold! Oh, the agony of parting with
a thousand teeth would not so affect
me," cried the old man. "The teeth
came—they grew, I worked not for
them; they were none of my making;
but my dearly loved marks, my golden
rolls, they were all of my gathering.
I saw them increase with more joy
than I beheld thy beauty expand, fool
ish child; think thou, then, I will de
liver them up to save those wretched
morsels of bone, that, in a few years,
will fall of themselves or rot in the
grave? No, no." So saying he sub
mitted himself to the first act of den
tal surgery. The implement the ex
ecutioner used was none of the small
est or best, so poor Abraham had a
hard trial of it. Tug, tug; out at
length it came.

The old man spat a mouthful of
blood on the ground, and glanced at
the molar between the rude forceps.

"Wilt thou pay?" demanded the
officer.

"I will not—I cannot," answered
the old man.

"Then to-morrow we visit thee
again," was the reply.

To-morrow came, and another tooth
went; still Abraham preferred losing
the bone counters to his gold coins.
He was known in Jewry-lane (the
ancient name of the present Quay street,
then the abode of the Israelitish com
munity in Bristol) to be a man of im
mense wealth, and the chief men of
his nation and the rabbi called on him
and begged him to yield; but no; he
never worked for his teeth as he had
done for his money, and could he now
part with it?—no, no. So his friends
gathered their garbaldines around them,
and wended their way back and left
him to his fate. Still there was one
who lingered to console the daughter,
if he could not move the father, and
that was Jonathan Jacobs, a young,
handsome, inceptive Jew who was a
devoted lover of Rebecca; but whom
old Abraham, because he was poor,
could not abide. Suffering though he
was from the repeated operations, as
soon as the father heard the young
people whispering in an adjoining
room, he called Rebecca peremptorily
to him. "Disobedient!" he cried,
"wouldst thou join thyself to my en
emies, and trust to Gentile bars and
bolts to enable thee to make love to
that pauper, within my hearing?"

A tear and a sigh were all the an
swer the Jewish maiden made to this
bitter upbraiding.

A third, a fourth, a fifth, and sixth
visit to the prison were made by the
King's officers, and each time they
carried away a tooth from the old
man's head; still he held out, and even
ventured on a bitter jest when they
had taken the sixth molar. "That is
good Eastern ivory," said he to the
officers, "and I hope will suffice to pay
some of the King's Irish charges."

Two more teeth only remained, and
it was thought that the King would
never obtain the thousand marks, un
less he had recourse to other torture.
On the seventh day the seventh tooth
was taken, and having but one more to
lose, he begged the guards to save them
selves the trouble of another walk on
the morrow, and have both out at
once. The executioner, however, ex
cused himself, saying the prisoner
need be in no hurry; the teeth took
their time to come, and must take
time to go.

Next morning the authorities en
tered the old man's cell, and several of
the chief citizens were there also, to
see Moses Abraham lose his last grinder;
he made many of them feel his
teeth in times gone by, when they
wanted money, and he made them pay
heavily for the accommodation. What,
however, was their wonder when, on
making his appearance in the ante
room, where the operation was each
day performed, the old man expressed
his readiness to pay the fine. "What,"
cried they all, "part with seven teeth,
and yet pay to save the eighth! Had
you done this a week ago you would
have been wiser."

But Moses replied not, save to ten
der the money, which was accepted,
and he was released.

"I suppose," said he, or rather mumbled
he, when he reached home, "thou,
wench, thinkest me a fool for my
pains; but hear me. Be sure it was
not to save this wretched morsel of
discolored bone that I consented to
part with my gold; but I had a vision
clear as Pharaoh's when he saw the fat
and lean kine; and last night, as I
slept in my cell, I dreamt that un
der this tooth, the last in my head,
was a great treasure, and, if I retained
it, I should one day receive that com
pared with which a thousand marks
were but as a trifle; and so distinct was
my dream that I believed it, and paid
the ransom. How the vision is to

come about I know not, but still be
lieve it."

A thousand marks, immense as the
sum was, was far from being the great
er part of the Jew's treasure. In the
vaults, under his secluded and dim ori
ental-fashioned house on the Weir,
was a still larger amount stowed away,
so that Jonathan Jacobs, who hoped
that poverty would compel the de
termined old man to withdraw his
stern prohibition on his daughter
against countenancing his suit, was
disappointed. "Get thee away," cried
the old man, in fierce anger; thou
shalt not have my Rebecca; thou shalt
not."

"At least," said the young man,
"give me reason to hope that you will
relent, if I can find wealth to satisfy
thee. Place any condition on thy
consent, but give me grounds to hope
for it."

"Then thou shalt have a condition,"
answered the old man with bitterness,
and smiling savagely, as he thought
he pronounced an impossibility; "when
thou fillest my mouth again with good
teeth, thou shalt have my daughter!"
Jonathan passed forth chopfallen
and mournfully from the old man's
presence, and the latter chuckled and
laughed in triumph, saying, at the
same time, "Thou hast got thy condi
tion."

Six months passed, and Jonathan
Jacobs had not once shown himself at
the Jew's house on the Weir; at length,
one morning, as the old man was about
to go forth on some business, Jona
than presented himself before him.

"Well," demanded Moses, with a sar
donic grin, "hast thou brought my
teeth with thee. I swear by the beard
of Father Abraham, thou shalt have
the maiden if thou hast grown a new
crop of grinders for me, and the old
man laughed at his own cruel rillery.

"Thou swearest," said the young
man, "and wilt thou keep thine oath?"
And, so saying, he drew from his pocket
a most splendid set of white, enam
eled, incorruptible, artificial teeth, set
in gold plate, and with the means of
fixing them to the last remaining tooth
in the old Jew's head.

Moses Abraham's countenance fell.
He never dreamt of such a fulfillment
of what he considered an impossible
condition; and he knew not how to
break either. He instinctively open
ed his mouth, and Jonathan popped
the splendid set into it—they fitted
him better than his own; "they beat
nature" (as the Yankees say). The
Jew, glancing in a polished mirror, won
dered to see himself young again; a
row of ivory decorated his gums, bare
but a moment before; and his sunken
and leathern jaws were suddenly
rounded and filled out as if by a mir
acle. "Wonderful!" he exclaimed,
and started to hear how plainly he artic
ulated.

The fact was, Jonathan Jacobs was
the most ingenious and clever artificer
in Jewry-lane, and at that time the
only artist in gold, and silver, and
ivory, belonged to this ancient and
persecuted race. When Moses Abra
ham, then, in mockery, proposed this
task to him, he, after an hour's reflec
tion, determined to turn the jest, if
possible, into earnest, and the result
of six months' patient experiment, dil
igence, and trial was the triumphant
construction of the first set of false teeth
ever made. Old Abraham recollected his
dream. Here, then, was the realiza
tion of it. A gold mine was under
that old molar of his, to which the set
was attached. A treasure was yet to
be had from this wonderful invention.

"Thou shalt have my daughter," he
said; "but thou must become my part
ner."

"The dew of Hermon is not pleas
anter to me than thy proposal," an
swered the intended son-in-law.

In less than a month, Jonathan Ja
cobs and Rebecca Abraham were united
under a canopy of crimson and
gold in the old house on the Broad
Weir, and, in a few days after, a new
sign was put up in Jewry-lane—

ABRAHAM & JACOBS,
DENTISTS.

The forfeited thousand marks were
doubled in a very few years. From all
parts of the land, toothless Lords and
Dowagers crowded to Bristol, and
stopped the way in Jewry-lane with
their carriages, all coming to have the
decay of nature remedied. "Abraham
and Jacobs' Indestructible Enamel
Teeth" were the wonder of England,
and divided with Magna Charter, for a
time, the town talk of every city.
Orders came so fast they could with
difficulty execute them; and Dukes and
Dutchesses were content to make ap
pointments with the renowned dentists
for months yet to come. Since then
the profession of dental surgery has
been almost wholly in the hands of
the Jews, who owe many a fortune to
that love which, in the case of Jona
than, was like necessity—namely, "The
mother of invention."

The New England railroad com
panies have decided to discontinue the
issuance of half-fare tickets to clergy
men.

"THE SILENT COMMUNITY OF JUNIPER POINT."

Far away in the North, where the
great waves of the mighty Atlantic
break against a "stern and rock-bound
coast," lies an ancient city, called the
"City of Witches," the "City of Peace,"
and "Old Naumkeag." In the early
days of Plymouth Colony, there lived
in the "City of Peace" some fanciful
dreamers, who imagined themselves to
be the victims of the sorcery of some
old woman or young girl. Some of
these people had said that pins had
been stuck into them while asleep;
others that some strange influence
caused them to feel as if they were
dying, (and they really were of con
sumption.) These declarations caused
the execution of many people, old and
young, for witchcraft. Witch pins and
a warrant for the execution of a Bridg
et Wyle are treasured up in the county
court-house as relics of the past, and
can be seen by the public at any time.

The city referred to is the birth-place
of many eminent men, who have fig
ured widely as judges, lawyers, and men
of science and letters. The city which
once stood the foremost in the land in
point of commerce has long since sank
to that rest which old age requires.
The streets once filled with drays and
trucks of every kind, are almost silent
now. "Jack Tars," who were once seen
about Derby street and the wharves,
are seen no more. The wharves like
the bodies of the original owners are
falling away, and soon those places
where the products of the East Indies
have been piled up, tier on tier, will
be washed by the ebb and flow of the
tide.

The old red custom-house, which for
a century has done its duty faithfully
and well, is still open for business in
a small way. The rush for "Protec
tions" by sailors is not so great as in
the olden time. It is doubtful if the
clerk issues one a year against one
every ten minutes of the day when the
city was in the height of its glory.
Though commerce has fled, the city is
not devoid of all interest. It is the
patron of science and history, and has
many ancient and valuable historical
monuments. But it is not the history
of Salem of which I am to write. So
leave me to your recollection, and let
me introduce you to the members of the
"Silent Community."

Juniper Point is a part of Salem
Neck, from which a magnificent view
can be had. Looking towards the
North the broad Atlantic stretches as
far as the eye can see. Baker's Island,
with its tall light-houses which guide
the sailor to port at night; Half Way
Rock, by the base of which lay hun
dreds of pennies thrown there by fish
ermen for luck on their outward pas
sage to the Grand Banks; Lowell Is
land, with its big hotel, in the midst
of the sea, and the rugged shores of
old Marblehead, are some of the attrac
tions which meet the eye in the direc
tion. To the South we have before
our eyes Beverly Farms, with its sandy
beaches and beautiful villas half-hidden
from view by the foliage of trees; to
the West we see the beautiful winding
Bass River, whose banks are shaded
with tall waving pines and mighty
oaks, whose branches nod majestically
before the strong north-west wind.
On the Point are many beautiful cot
tages, in which dwell their owners
from Lowell, Lawrence, and Haver
hill, during the summer months. The
avenues are broad, and shaded with
beautiful oak and elm trees. Summer
houses are built at convenient distances
on the rocks, and in these, we may
presume, rows, soft and low as the
murmuring sea, have been made.

It was on this charming spot that a
party of young people, styling them
selves the Silent Community, took up
their quarters for a season. Unlike
other communities, this one was de
nied by nature the use of their vocal
and hearing organs. Still, with the
loss of two senses, the party performed
all the duties required by human and
divine law equally as well as those who
have all their faculties. The male por
tion of the community cultivated the
ground at low water mark for clams
and caught all the fish needed for food,
while the female portion cultivated
their extensive acquaintance with pots
and pans, and by their wholesome
doses of fried fish, potatoes and Johnny
cakes kept the party in good health and
humor. The community was compos
ed of a matron, assistant matron, a
"Wild Pansy," a dark-eyed Helen, a
pastor, two students, a gentleman of
fashion, and two high-toned mechanics
of the modern school.

The cottage, in which so august a
party dwelt, was of modern architec
ture. Its beauty was all on the exte
rior. Excepting one room, the interior
was destitute of paint, ceilings, or
plastered walls. It could lay no claim
to such luxuries. Through cracks in
the roof Jupiter, Venus, and Mars
could be seen gliding across the heav
ens, and through the same cracks the
rain and wind came self-invited.

It was on one dull, rainy Saturday in
the month of August, when "dog days"

reigned supreme, that the first arrivals
made their appearance at the aforesaid
cottage, and during the day "Uncle
Josh" and his well tried "Major" made
frequent trips to and from the depot.
The last arrival of the day proved to
be the "Wild Pansy," of Lowell. Young,
gifted and handsome, Pansy proved to
be a water nymph of the first order,
and with her mirthful fun she made
the community an Eden on earth.

The sun, which had made his ap
pearance late in the afternoon, was
sinking to rest behind the hills when
the matron summoned us to supper.
Quickly the call was answered, and
around the table hands and arms were
moving in all directions; now towards
the sky, and then to the floor, and of
ten to the mouth as we devoured the
good things set before us, and discus
sed the quality and the best way of
cooking them. Supper over, the
younger portion of the community
strolled along Ocean avenue, for the
dusky shades of evening were stealing
quietly o'er the land, and the tiny
lights, dancing on the waves in the
harbor, gave a solemn grandeur to the
scenes, the like of which we never be
fore witnessed. The night was tran
quil, and the water, smooth as a mir
ror, reflected the silvery light of the
moon, which had just begun to show
herself from behind the clouds.

'Twas just at twilight, on Sunday,
when Helen and Pansy, Hardy and
Frank went to the city to meet a de
linquent arrival. Throughout the day
the ancient customs of our Puritan an
cestors had been observed. The New
England dish of pork and beans was
served up for breakfast, without which
the day would seem to be any but Sun
day. The train which brought our
Fred had stopped, and its living freight
of human beings were pushing along,
eager to meet their loved ones, among
whom the tall, manly form of Pansy's
hero could be seen. They met—they
—and then we pressed onward with
the throng of human beings, eager to
gain the street and breathe the pure
air of Juniper Point.

The occupation of the male members
of the community for the week was
decided to be fishing; and, accordingly,
the "Cornelia" was got ready, and
her crew placed on board. No pret
tier craft ever sat on the waters of
ried us day after day o'er the waters
of the bay. Light and handsome, and
sailing with the swiftness of a wild
pigeon, she won the admiration of all
her beholders. The first trip did not
prove successful in regard to the num
ber of fish caught, and it was noted for
the dampening of the feelings and
garments of Fred. Fred had just been
relating some of his exploits among the
Berkshire Hills, and was illustrating
the turning of a buck somersault by a
darkey, when, unexpectedly, he per
formed one to perfection into the water.
Fortunately for Fred there was no
wind at that moment, or he would not
have told us of the number of fish
which touched his face as he sank deep
into the sea.

The days glided onward, and each
succeeding day brought its varied
changes. Fred had fallen in love with
the fair Pansy long before the Silent
Community came into existence. He
had vowed his faithfulness unto death,
and had pledged himself with gold.
Peace and harmony was not to be the
order of things. Whether Fred's plunge
into the sea caused his heart to grow
cold, or whether the fickle fancy of
Pansy had made her believe she had
no love for him we know not; but be
that as it may, a cold stream did flow
between them. A stormy interview
was had, in which Fred accused Pansy
of being "wilful, playful, and coquet
ish." Pansy retorted by saying that
he was "melancholy, dull and selfish,"
and brought matters to an end by leav
ing the room with a cold, scornful turn
of the upper lip. Fred, unable to bear
the sight of his Pansy, left on the next
day for B—. But though one couple
of the community broke asunder the
bond that would have made them one,
it did not affect in the slightest degree
the other members of the community.
It has not been ascertained whether
Fred left the country or tried his hand
at fishing in the valleys of the Berk
shire Mountains for consolation.

The fruit borne on the tree of love,
planted in Juniper cottage in the sum
mer, has just matured, and has been
gathered perfect, we may assume, for
bridal bells have pealed forth their
joyous tones, and bridal flowers have
welcomed the fair Helen as Hardy led
her to the altar not long ago.

The other members are scattered
far and wide. Some are enjoying the
balmy air of the sunny South; others
are fighting over patterns and ma
chinery in the "City of Spindles,"
while our "gentleman of fashion" has
crossed the Atlantic to visit that city
whose streets are of water, and whose
carriages are boats, gorgeous beyond
description. Our pastor! have I for
gotten him? No. He is still doing his
Master's work—reaping in the autumn
the seed he sowed in the spring. The
"Juniper" remains the same; every
rock is unmoved; the tide ebbs and
flows the same; all are perfect in their

organization. But what of the Silent
Community? Was it a success, or a
failure? Can I tell? Yes; it was neither,
and one who shone as bright as any
of the community will shine in that
locality no more. His monument is
his skill, his reward the knowledge of
having done right, and he leaves this
as a memento, as a legacy to the mem
bers of the "Silent Community of Jun
iper Point." ALBERT J. PERCIN.

BOSTON NOTES.

BOSTON, Mass., Nov. 29, 1878.
EDITOR JOURNAL:—We were favored
and much pleased with a visit from
Mr. and Mrs. E. Booth, of Anamosa,
Iowa. Mr. Booth is the well-known
mute editor of the Anamosa *Evening*.
They were stopping in Boston for a
few days. They honored the Boston
Deaf-Mute Society by being present
to hear the services, on Sunday, and
the lectures, on Wednesday evening.
Mr. Booth seemed to be pleased with
and to take an interest in the manage
ment of the society, and spoke favor
ably of the intelligence of the Boston
mutes.

On the evening of the 5th inst. Mrs.
Wm. Lynde lectured on a good domes
tic story, of a boy's own way, before a
large audience at the hall of the so
ciety. At the close of her lecture, Mr.
E. Booth, who was present, kindly
gave, in response to the wishes of the
audience, valuable and interesting in
formation in regard to the Homestead
laws, and spoke for an hour as to
how and where to go west and get
homesteads. He was of the opinion
that those who are doing well here
should not go west, but stay at home,
for it is not always a successful and
profitable undertaking to every one
who goes west. Many who go west,
return poorer than they went, and he
would not encourage any one to go
west. He was entitled to a vote of
thanks, which was passed by the so
ciety.

On the evening of the 13th inst. the
hall of the society was filled to hear
a lecture delivered by Mr. Albert Har
grave on "Lulee, the fair Slave," which
interested the audience very much.

On the evening of the 20th inst. Mr.
Edwin W. Frisbee delivered before
the society a thrilling lecture on
"Prank of the Day at Sea," which
kept the audience interested. Messrs.
Hargrave and Frisbee were the new
men to lecture, and they created a
very favorable impression upon their
audiences. It is hoped that they will
favor us with some more lectures.

It will be remembered that I re
ported in your issue of the 14th inst.
that our Boston mutes, Gerry and
Holt, contested in the three-mile walk
ing race, and that Holt won the race
in 29 minutes. Mr. Gerry was not
satisfied over his defeat, and the other
day he attempted the feat of walking
three miles inside of 29 minutes. He
accomplished the feat in 24 minutes
and 45 seconds, which beat Holt's
time by 44 minutes. The next day he

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, DEC. 12, 1878.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS: One copy, one year, \$1.50. Clubs of ten, 1.25. If not paid within six months, 2.50. These prices are invariable. Remit by post-office money order, or by registered letter.

CONTRIBUTIONS. All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in communications.

A prominent feature of the JOURNAL is its "Mutual Auxiliary," the object of which is to render pecuniary aid to the heirs, or assigns, of its deceased subscribers. The plan, briefly, is as follows: Every subscriber of the JOURNAL, who is in good health at the time of subscribing, having paid one year's subscription in advance, and continuing a regularly paid-up yearly subscription, will be enrolled a member of the "Mutual Auxiliary." Upon the death of any such subscriber the present proprietor and the future proprietors of the JOURNAL, upon receiving satisfactory information of such death, will transmit, within thirty days after the expiration of the year, (the year commencing April 1st and ending March 31st), to the heirs, or assigns, of such deceased subscriber the sum of 25 cents for each subscription received for the JOURNAL—thus: if the subscription list of the JOURNAL amounts to 1,000 subscribers the said heirs, or assigns, will receive the sum of \$250; if 2,000 subscribers, \$500; if 50,000 subscribers, \$12,500, and so on. If two or more deaths occur within the year the said sum shall be equally divided and forwarded to the heirs, or assigns, of each of the deceased. In case, however, no death occurs during the year the said sum or sums shall accrue to the benefit of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. It will be seen that this is an unparalleled inducement to subscribers, considering that they will also receive one of the most interesting, and cheapest papers published in America. A certificate of membership to the subscribers' "Mutual Auxiliary" will be sent to each paid-up subscriber, and such subscribers shall remain in good standing, and entitled to its benefits, so long as they renew, regularly, their yearly subscriptions.

This Auxiliary plan is no "catch-penny concern," but is devised with intentions most honorable, namely: For the purpose of enlarging the circulation of the paper, and building up a fund for the benefit of the heirs of its patrons. Many hearing people take the JOURNAL, all of whom place a high estimate on its worth. Now, if many more would subscribe for it they would be helping the paper, the deaf-mute subscribers, and be benefiting themselves.

FORM OF APPLICATION. The undersigned, a resident of—county—, being in good health, and desiring to become a member of the "Mutual Auxiliary," herewith encloses one dollar and fifty cents as his subscription to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, and promises to pay one dollar and fifty cents every year, in advance, as his subscription to the same during his natural life; or, failing to make such payments, to forfeit all claims against the "Mutual Auxiliary." For the benefit of—Subscriber.

Contributions, Subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the
DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL
RATES OF ADVERTISING MADE KNOWN UPON APPLICATION.
Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

BACKBITING—INGRATITUDE.

Among respectable people the man who is truly deserving of the name of a backbiter, especially when the vice is joined to that of slander, is an object of secret hatred, if not of open hostility.

Current reports, from perfectly reliable and unimpeachable authority, confirm the fact that certain deaf-mutes, some of whom are pedlars and tramps, but there are also others, who palm—or try to—themselves off upon the public for respectable members of society—who spend a large portion of time in visiting—take unbounded pleasure in showing their gratitude (?) towards those whose hospitalities they have feasted and grown fat upon, by using vile and slanderous vituperation against them at the very next house, the doors of which are unsuspectingly thrown open for their reception. From a new stopping-place, after another (apparently) happy sojourn, they pass on to another rendezvous, bearing with them all the gossip—true and false, but most usually the latter—which they can procure or invent, and no sooner are they temporarily installed than their budget—of that kind of make-up—is opened and its precious contents, consisting of lies, mischief, and scandal, are disposed of, at both retail and wholesale, to those whom they are (apparently) trying to entertain, but whose minds, in fact they are doing their best to fill with rank poisonous prejudices. Thus they go, "from house to house," dispensing mischievous gossip, piling on slander upon slander, adding falsehood to falsehood, beaming the characters of those who befriended them, and blackening the good name of their unsuspecting victims.

Ingratitude is almost, if not the, lowest level of baseness; but when coupled with backbiting and slander it savors strongly of the devilish, and is the double extract of meanness. To sit by one's social hearth-stone and enjoy the bounties of his larder, to assume the garb of a friend to the inmates of the place visited, and then go forth from the lavish hospitalities of that roof and sow slander and dis-

sensions reflecting on the members of that household, constitute a reprobate whom Satan himself would feel proud to spurn.

But these vipers cannot forever prosecute successfully their nefarious missions of character-blackening work. They may succeed for a short time, and work great harm in society, but their days are numbered, and at last they fall into their own meshes—the trap is finally sprung on them—and they are shown up to the gaze of the world's respectable people in their true characters—"wolves in sheep's clothing"—shunned by good people and detested by their own evil associates.

Why such slanderers are allowed to pass with simple rebukes, or at most the contumely of respectable people, instead of being handed over to the law and being made to pay the penalty of their transgressions, is a puzzling mystery. Who robs another of dollars and cents is, if discovered, usually amenable to the laws of the country; why should he who robs—or so endeavors to do—your own reputation, against which the law provides redress, be allowed to go "scot-free?"

A few examples made of deaf-mutes whose chief end and aim in life is injury, by slanderous representations, of those who have been their best friends would produce a healthful influence in deaf-mute society by purging it of one of the most despicable vices.

A Table, For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

DEC. 15th, 1878.

MORNING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 15th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Isaiah xxv.

2d Lesson—Luke iii, 1-19.

English Lessonary.

1st Lesson—Isaiah xxv.

2d Lesson—3d Epistle of John.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the third and first Sundays in Advent.

EVENING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 15th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Isaiah xxviii 1-23.

2d Lesson—Romans xiv.

English Lessonary.

1st Lesson—Isaiah xxvi & xxviii, 5-19.

2d Lesson—John xxi, 16.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the third and first Sundays in Advent.

NOTES FROM PROF. JOB TURNER.

MONTREAL, NOV. 25, 1878.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—All I want is to give you a short account of a service for deaf-mutes which was yesterday afternoon conducted in the Christ Church Cathedral, where Rev. Dr. Gallaudet preached last year.

The cathedral can accommodate about one thousand persons, but there were only about half as many at the silent service, owing to the bad weather and the notice being so short. The Rev. Dr. Baldwin, the Rev. Canon Henderson, and the writer participated about one hour.

There were about thirty deaf-mutes present, among whom was Mr. G. F. McVey, a fine gentleman, who lost his hearing about three years ago in consequence of a cold which he caught while hunting. When he found that he had lost his hearing he came to this institution of his own accord, got the alphabet and taught himself. He can speak well, but cannot hear. He was so passionately fond of music that he felt the loss very acutely. He can play very nicely now on the concertina from memory. He can use the single and double-handed alphabets. It is a great blessing to him that he so readily learned the alphabets. He seems resigned to his affliction, but at first it was a terrible trial to him. He has much taste for gardening. He is very smart, and can do almost any thing. He has quite a mechanical turn of mind, and copies any thing he sees. He is very ingenious. He showed me a picture which he had painted.

After service, Miss Gordon invited Mr. Widd and me to take tea with her and her uncle, Joseph Mackay, Esq., the founder of the deaf-mute institution of which Mr. Widd takes charge. Mr. Mackay, is one of the leading citizens of Montreal, and built the institution out of his own money. In him and Miss Gordon I found a pleasant gentleman and a fine lady. Miss Gordon is one of the managers of the institution, and takes a deep interest in the welfare of the pupils. Lord Dufferin lunched at her house on his way to England, at the expiration of his term. Queen Victoria sends a new Governor-General to Canada for six years.

I have enjoyed Mr. Widd's unaffected hospitality very much. I shall bid good-bye to him to-morrow morning, to go to Belleville, upon the invitation of Dr. J. W. Palmer, principal of the Ontario Institution. Last Saturday he sent me a despatch to that effect.

Yours sincerely,
JOHN TURNER.

Chew Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco. 48-ly

Gravel and Stone in the Kidneys and Bladder are cured and prevented by the use of Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. See Dr. Kennedy's advertisement.

The Hemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Hemizer*.

ONLY one or two cases of sickness at the Kansas Institution.

Burner Hanley, cook at the Minnesota Institution, has a felon.

Dr. Robert Watson, of Ottawa, recently called at the Kansas Institution.

INDIAN Summer was still lingering around the Illinois Institution on the 23d ult.

L. Willey, of Davenport, Ia., talks of going to Chicago this month to visit relatives.

FIFTY male pupils of the Kansas Institution have signed the Anti-Tobacco pledge.

From December 2d inst. to next spring the West Virginia Institution shops discontinue work at 4:30 P. M.

The editor of the *Tablet* says he would like to see the equal of the baker at the West Virginia Institution.

L. Lapanne, a pupil of the Illinois Institution, lately had an attack of typhoid fever. He is now convalescing.

At the recent fair held at Talladega, some shoes were exhibited that were manufactured at the Alabama Institution.

They have a corn popper at the Kansas Institution which will turn out a half bushel of popped corn at a sitting.

PHOTOGRAPHIC views of the Nebraska Institution, its officers, teachers, pupils, and employees have lately been taken.

The carpenters lately built a good stable for the Illinois Institution hogs, where they may be kept warm in cold weather.

An aged deaf-mute woman, a former pupil of the New York Institution, is in the county poor-house near Jacksonville, Ill.

Dr. P. G. Gillett, superintendent of the Illinois Institution, lately visited several of the public schools in Jacksonville.

FIFTY-six pairs of shoes, manufactured at the Kansas Institution shoe shop, were lately sent to the Minnesota Asylum for the Insane.

JAMES SCOTT, formerly of Homewood, Pa., now lives at Alama, Wis., his parents having moved there last January—so says a writer.

In anticipation of a severe winter the cellar for the roots at the Minnesota Institution has been provided with protection against frost.

A young deaf-mute man by the name of Wallace E. Anderson, who lives in South Framingham, Mass., does odd jobs in different places.

Mr. Swales, foreman of the *Advance* printing-office, is very busy preparing the printed report of the superintendent of the Illinois Institution.

N. L. Griebly, formerly a compositor in the *Star* office, is said to be holding a position in the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe car shops at Topeka, Kan.

THAT little Millie McIntosh, a pupil of the Illinois Institution, to one of his teachers: "I don't want to chew tobacco like Irishmen. I want to look like a gentleman."

JOHN SCHWITZ, a pupil of the Minnesota Institution, severely sprained one of his ankles while at play. The doctor says he will be confined to his room for several weeks.

THE Jackson Deaf-Mute Society gave an elegant Thanksgiving party on the 28th ult., to which all deaf-mute friends of the society who wished to attend were invited.

THE COUNTY BOARD of Supervisors lately were, one of \$90 from the New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes, and one of \$243.36 from a similar institution at Rome, N. Y.

ON Saturday evening, November 16th, in the chapel of the Minnesota Institution was given by the pupils a very interesting entertainment, consisting principally of a debate, relating of anecdotes, and pantomime plays.

MISS Lydia Cummins, says a writer, has been making a long visit with her relatives in Milwaukee, Wis., and left there last week for Freedom, Ill., to the regret of her Milwaukee friends.

DANIEL W. Cary is entitled to our thanks for a photograph of himself.

MISS Grace F. Chandler and daughter—Gussie—returned home last week from Buffalo, where they have spent six weeks visiting friends. They enjoyed the visit very much, and came back in good spirits, much benefited by the change of a few weeks.

ON account of the inclemency of the weather, the pupils of the West Virginia Institution had no Thanksgiving holiday this year; they, however, had the exquisite pleasure of dissecting 18 turkeys, and have a promise of a holiday some time when there is pleasant weather.

A middle aged deaf-mute by the name of Corlidge, who resides in Sherborn, three miles from Natick, Mass., never went to a deaf-mute school, but he can talk with his fingers, and is well educated. He lost his hearing when he was 20 or 25 years old. His memory is very good.

MR. Emanuel Sowne has returned to the city of New York. His geniality has won him a great many warm friends in Cincinnati, who are very sorry at his departure from their city, but the one's pain is the other's gain, and he is received in New York with open arms by his old friends, and will, no doubt, greatly augment the number during his stay.

MR. Abraham S. Gardner, of Waterman, Ill., and Miss Matilda L. Johnson, of Moline, Ill., were married on the evening of October 24th at the residence of Mr. J. A. Johnson, a brother of the bride. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. McLeod. Many deaf-mutes attended the wedding. The newly-wedded couple are going to Nebraska next month to make their residence on a farm.

THIS little paper, (*Kansas Star*) published by the pupils of the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Olathe, finds its way regularly once a week to our table. It is neatly printed and contains many items of interest concerning that institution, its officers and pupils, besides other general news. It is really a pleasure to read it through, as it opens up a new world of thought and life to most of us.—*Pacific Spirit*.

A young deaf-mute lady by the name of Alice Forbes, of Sherborn, Mass., went to the Articulation School in Northampton, Mass., when she was 10 years old and left there two years ago. She is now in school with speaking children in her town. She is greatly improved in articulation. She lost her hearing when she was a little girl. She is now learning the manual alphabet, with which she will talk with mutes who do not understand articulation.

THE secretary of the Jackson Deaf-Mute Society, Mrs. Allie Halifax, will please accept our most sincere thanks for the invitation tendered herself and wife to be present at their Thanksgiving celebration, next Thursday. It is with much regret also that we have to reply that previous engagements will prevent the acceptance. It being our first invitation of the kind, we can assure our Jackson friends that it is fully appreciated, and would have been accepted had it been possible.—*Mirror*.

THE *Index* editor asks for a little more help to procure needed type.

THE best of health prevails among the inmates of the Kansas Institution.

THE *Advance*, of November 30th, reported 430 pupils at the Illinois Institution.

FRANK Hine, clerk at the Illinois Institution, has held the position for 17 years.

PLEASURE and turkey beguiled the pupils of the Michigan Institution on Thanksgiving day.

A boy named August, of the Iowa Institution, while wrestling fractured the bones of his right arm.

Mrs. Dickinson, former seamstress at the Nebraska Institution, has been appointed nurse in that institution.

"We have only four dogs."—*Index*. Oh, my! Why don't you get some more? A few hundred Thomas cats, added to the group, would greatly improve the variety.

THE *Index* comes out this week with a new head, engraved by O. H. J. Kennedy, one of the pupils. It is of rustic style, and adds much to the appearance of the paper.—*Gazette*.

FIFTY barrels of apples are stored in the basement of the Minnesota Institution, and it is said that the pupils of the school are smacking their lips over anticipated bliss.

"Grecian Mythology," described by Miss E. M. Bolt, was the interesting topic at the November 5th meeting of the Deaf-Mute Literary Society of the Michigan Institution.

Two graduates of the Minnesota Institution, Joseph De Curtis and W. S. Durose, have permanent employment at Stillwater, Minn., the former in a furniture store, and the latter in a saw-mill.

THE *Index* says: "Sadie Young is the youngest pupil in this institution (Colorado) being only four and a half years old." The *Index* has no cause for complaint; why should they need one any younger than that?

"A barber in Lockport became dumb. He is now immensely wealthy."—*Ez*. If dumbness brought the wealth, every deaf and dumb man in the country had better grind up his razor and take to the tonsorial trade.

THE principal of the Michigan Institution, and his wife—Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Parker—recently went to Grand Blanc to see Mrs. Parker's father, who was seriously hurt by a runaway accident. There are hopes of his partial, if not entire, recovery.

At the Kansas Institution the cabinet-shop work is in full blast, and the boys are said to be learning the trade very fast. This is highly commendable. We are pleased to see that they are trying to fit themselves to become useful members of future society.

ALL that is needed to secure a position in this Institution, is to go by the cognomen of "Brown." We have Miss Brown, Mr. Brown, Mrs. Brown, and last but not least, finding we could get no more Browns, we took Mr. Brown-jun, for foreman of the cabinet department.—*Star*.

"Ben Butler," the wandering "pup" of the Kansas Institution, was found by Miss Bonnie Colby, and returned to "the bosom of his family." Unquestionably, there was more rejoicing over that "pup" than over the "ninety and nine," or less, "which went not astray."

THE tramp who visited us last week distinguished himself a few days ago by stealing a horse, harness and carriage from one of our ministers and driving to Pueblo. His rheumatism induced him to theft, we suppose. He was captured by our vigilant sheriff and the stolen articles returned.—*Index*.

THE editor of the *Goodson Gazette*, credit for being the editor of the *Goodson Gazette*. It has been one of those unexplained mysteries which everybody has been anxious to find out.—*Mirror*. No one by that name has ever been connected in any way, with this paper. Guess again. Our modesty, you know, keeps us from making ourselves known.—*Gazette*.

VINCENTA Bennett, aged seven years, of Geneva, N. Y., died November 18th, of diphtheria. Her sickness was very brief; she died on the second day of her sickness. Her sickness was so malignant, and her death so sudden, that her sister, Miss Maggie T. Bennett, a teacher in the Michigan Institution, was unable to reach Geneva in time to attend the funeral.

IT has been several times reported by the deaf-mute press that Addison Pancake is stopping at Mt. Airy, Ia., and that he is enjoying his visit very much. We will add that Buckwheat Pancakes are now visiting us, particularly at the breakfast-table—but they don't stop long, nor have a chance to and we enjoy their visits very much; in short we greet them with bread smiles every time they put in their appearance. They are the Pancakes we very much admire for frequent visitors.

"A kingdom for a horse," but the owner unwilling to "borrow" his own horse on an offer of ten cents, as is shown by the following, from the *Companion*: One of our teachers has a four-year-old colt and a brand new buggy. Last Friday a little boy dimly pulled his coat and handed him the following carefully written note:—"My dear friend:

I want you to borrow your horse to-morrow. I want to drive it to Lake and come again. I will give you 10 cents for borrow me your horse and buggy."

The owner of the team was proof against the temptation of that extravagant offer and declined to "borrow" the horse.

THE Inst. has had a very pleasant visit from Dr. Finch and wife. Mr. Finch spoke to the pupils Tuesday morning on the subject of Temperance. His lecture was short, and to the point. At this close he gave them some rules, which if followed would lead them to honest manhood and womanhood. Never drink the first glass of beer, nor smoke the first cigar. Never go to any place where you would be ashamed to take your mother and sister. Never be caught in bad company. The pupils—every one—expressed a desire to sign the pledge, and he promised to send pledges and "red ribbons" to them. At the close of the lecture Charlie Collins, in behalf of the school, expressed gratitude to Dr. Finch for his interesting lecture, and called for a vote of thanks which was unanimously tendered.—*Mute Journal* of Nebraska.

THE pupils are improving very fast in all their studies. The members of the advanced class of the primary room have taken up the study of grammar and seem to find it very fascinating. In our opinion there is not nearly enough attention paid to English grammar in deaf-mute schools. It is the study, aside from arithmetic, to which all attention should be directed for the greater part of the time spent at school. Without a more extended knowledge of grammar than mutes usually have, we cannot hope for proper construction of language from them. They may learn the meaning of a large number of words, which if grammatically combined and arranged, would form a fair vocabulary, but how is this to be attained without a knowledge of grammatical rules and principles. While it is extremely difficult if not almost impossible for mutes to obtain an easy, rhetorical style, it is certainly possible for them to learn how to construct simple sentences in a more correct manner than is usual among them.—*Index*.

THE *Index* complains of a lack of type.

THE Illinois Institution has 53 new pupils this year.

INA J., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Witschick, of New York, died Nov. 17th.

DEAF-MUTES between the ages of 10 and 25 are admitted to the Wisconsin Institution.

THE *Index* says the pupils of the Colorado Institution ate a little too much turkey on Thanksgiving day.

The first officer of the Wisconsin Institution, instead of being called principal, is hereafter to be denominated Superintendent.

The foreman of the Kentucky Deaf-mute office and two of the teachers in the institution lately visited Cincinnati on business.

The results of the recent hunting excursion of two young sports of the Colorado Institution were "tired feet and a big appetite."

The secretary of the Illinois Institution female literary society is complimented for making up a better report than the secretary of the male society of a similar kind.

Two of the Kentucky Institution female pupils were recently called home to the bedside of a sick sister—also deaf-mute—but who has since improved.

A gathering of deaf-mutes wound up Thanksgiving day with a banquet, and the Boston *Transcript* says the good time they had showed that a deaf-mute is not always so bad.—*Ez*.

This editor of the Kentucky Deaf-Mute, speaking of tickets from Cincinnati to New York having been recently sold for \$12 a dozen, regretted that his duties in the office forbade his taking the trip.

It is reported that Miss Thatcher, articulation teacher at the Indiana Institution, who has occupied the position for about two years, resigns her position next January, and that Superintendent McIntire has lately been looking for another teacher, to fill the vacancy.

L. Semler, a farmer, of Forest, Ohio, aged about thirty-five years, has for the past two months been gradually losing his speech, and on awaking recently it was found that he had lost both speech and hearing. Otherwise he enjoys good health.—*Mute's Chronicle*.

MR. L. W. Mann, of Corning, Ia., a brother of the Rev. A. W. Mann, in renewing his subscription, and ordering an extra copy for his mother for one year, closes his letter as follows: "The JOURNAL is a welcome visitor at my home. I bid you Godspeed, and hope that you may be successful in your good work."

PROF. Alphonso Johnson, of the Central New York Institution, took a trip to Mexico, N. Y., on Friday evening, the 6th inst., and made some pleasant calls among friends till Saturday evening, when he returned to Rome to be ready to resume school duties on Monday morning. His friends were much pleased with his call.

THE number of the Toronto NATIONAL containing Prof. Johnson's statement had been mislaid before we dropped the article in reference to his early education. It seems, however, that he has mastered an education entirely through his own efforts in the printing office of Pim Bros., in Dublin, Ireland, which he calls his alma mater.—*Deaf-Mute Mirror*. Not exactly, he was educated at St. Joseph's Institution for Deaf and Dumb, Dublin.—*Toronto National*.

"Victrola! victrola! victrola! by the twain! by the threes! by the fours! by the double fours! by the dozens! by the car load and ship load. Some days we think that the landing of Queen Victoria's daughter and the daughter's husband and brother-in-law, in Canada, caused but a faint commotion compared with the multiplicity of strange things to be seen here by the average visitor.—*Mirror*.

IT is with extreme pleasure we announce the putting up of gas lamp posts on Court st., to the Inst. gates. The old gasoline lamps were poor concerns, and the improvement is one the city may well feel proud over, for the street leading to the only "dion" of any magnitude in the corporation is none too beautiful, and every particle added is well deserved. Other places have sought to build up streets leading to Institutions in a grand style, but Flint is sadly negligent in this respect.—*Mirror*.

THE teachers and pupils of the Central New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes, in this city, had a merry time Thanksgiving day. Ample preparations had been made for a masked ball. In the evening one of the dining rooms was cleared for the purpose, and before 8 o'clock it presented an animated scene. Every manner of costume and disguise was adopted. Many of the outlandish and grotesque costumes were also displayed. It was a very pleasant and enjoyable time for all who participated in the ball. The children of the institution were given a magic lantern entertainment by the principal in the evening. They enjoyed the exhibition highly. The school is prospering finely, but stands much in need of more room. The new building is being pushed to completion as fast as possible. When it is completed and occupied, there will be room for applicants who can not now be accommodated. The quarterly examinations will take place just before Christmas, and a vacation of two weeks will follow. The principal and his officers always extend a cordial welcome to visitors to the institute and take pleasure in showing them about the buildings.—*Rome Sentinel*.

SOME Visiting in the Green Mountain State.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—On the 27th ult. Messrs. James Allen, George Cutter, Miss Flora Ladd and I, having arrived at Lunenburg, Vt., were brought in a two-seated buggy by Mr. Allen Meacham to Guildhall, Vt., 13 miles distant. The farm-house was cordially opened to us all, and Mr. and Mrs. James S. Meacham, and Miss Nellie Barrett, who works for Mrs. M., greeted us with joy. We had a nice turkey dinner, and spent three days pleasantly in social games and conversations, though the weather was cloudy.

Mr. James S. Meacham is a respectable farmer, and is well known to be a nice cabinet-maker. He has one only and intelligent young son, Allen, who took leave of the American Asylum with honor, and is now devoted to the profession of a taxidermist.

Mr. George Cutter, of Sutton, Vt., is doing very nicely on the farm, and is supporting his mother and sister.

Mr. James Allen, of Peacham, Vt., is hunting for work in Massachusetts. I hope he will be successful in getting a good situation.

It has been intimated that Carlos Drown, who was, last July, sentenced to the State Prison two years for larceny, at Burke, Vt., died of sickness in the prison. Respectfully yours,

F. W. B.

St. Johnsbury, Vt., Dec. 3, 1878.

High wind with snow this morning.

Local Paragraphs.

Mrs. L. S. Tiffany has lately been quite sick with a hard cold.

Mrs. E. L. Huntington has been quite sick for the past few days.

Sook pleasure this evening by attending the Portrait exhibition at the Town Hall.

C. Paddock and D. Barnard have lately made a few improvements on their houses.

J. W. Larkin and Annie Taylor, both of whom have been quite sick with throat difficulty, are now getting better.

Last Saturday and Sunday were very fine days, but on Monday morning the snow was lying, and the weather had assumed quite a wintry appearance.

Mexico Academy opened last Tuesday morning for the winter term under favorable circumstances, with a large representation of pupils.

Supervisor A. L. Sampson, of this town, is a member of the committee on miscellaneous accounts, and also of the committee to make abstracts.

Rev. Dr. Mears, of Hamilton College, occupied the Presbyterian pulpit in this village last Sunday morning and evening, and preached two interesting and practical sermons.

Becker Brothers have a department in their store containing a large selection of 5 cent articles, and it is astonishing to see how much one can purchase for so small a sum of money.

The concert and ice-cream festival given by the Children's Aid Society, in Empire Hall, last Friday evening, was one of the most enjoyable entertainments which have been held here for some time, and was very well attended.

A thin ice formed on Black Creek last Friday night, and on Saturday a large number of boys enjoyed skating for the first time this year. No very serious mishaps occurred, but two of the boys were unceremoniously introduced to a cold bath.

The following, from the Oswego *Palladium*, is of local interest: "By Supervisor Simpson—That \$1,000 for support of poor and \$600 for roads and bridges, in addition to the \$250 authorized by law, and \$9.00 to be refunded to Roswell Burlingham on account of erroneous tax, be levied on Mexico. Adopted."

It is rumored that there is to be a change of keepers at our County Poor-house. There is some speculation as to who the new man will be. Several different parties have expressed much willingness to assume the responsibilities connected with the position, and to draw the pay for their trouble.

The mud has been so deep lately, and the wheeling so bad, that many are glad to see snow now. Unless this

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

BOSTON, Dec. 9, 1878.
DEAR MR. RIDER:—Last Thursday evening, in Grace Chapel, Lawrence, we had a "combined service," and on Friday evening one in St. Anne's Church, Lowell. Yesterday morning, in St. Luke's Church, Chelsea, I presented to Bishop Paddock for confirmation Mr. William Bailey and wife of Beverly. Mr. Bailey will act as lay-reader in holding services for deaf-mutes in Beverly, Salem, Boston, and other places. Yesterday afternoon I held our monthly service for deaf-mutes in St. Paul's Church, Boston, and in the evening we had a "combined service" in St. Peter's Church, Beverly. I expect to have another service of this kind in Trinity Church, Hartford, this evening. In this journey I have met many deaf-mute friends, and feel greatly encouraged in our mission.
Yours sincerely,
THOMAS GALLAUDET.

MARQUIS OF LORNE AND PRINCESS LOUISE.

THEIR ARRIVAL AND RECEPTION IN MONTREAL.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—Dear Sir:—Having read the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL for quite a long time and often wishing to insert an article in its columns, I have found one, which presented itself unexpectedly to me, and I hope it will be acceptable. It is the arrival of and reception tendered to the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise.

The arrival of the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise was made the occasion of a grand ovation by the people of Montreal. The long-looked-for day arrived when the citizens of the metropolis of the Dominion would attest their honor, respect, and loyalty towards their new Governor-General, and it was plainly manifested yesterday. Everything was in neat finish. Preparations had been undertaken in the full spirit of the people. The proclamation issued by the municipal authorities urged all the citizens to make the occasion one if not the very greatest that had taken place in the Dominion. Each one seemed to vie with his neighbor in point of decoration, and tried to surpass him if possible. Long before the advertised time of arrival of the Vice-Royal suite, people began to wend their way towards the depot in order to obtain an agreeable and suitable position, in order to feast their eyes upon the party, and more especially upon the Princess.

Many who had not been aware of the changes which had taken place around the depot were sadly disappointed when, upon arriving there, they found it partitioned off by a high arch and fence, erected by the municipal department. Nobody was allowed to enter without a pass. Those poor, weary, walked-to-death pilgrims had to think of placing themselves in some other quarter, and there await the momentarily expected disembarkation of the Marquis and Marchioness.

Some, indeed, were so long standing in one place that they became time-worn, and wandered off. The abandoned positions were soon filled up by others. However, as it began to be fast drawing nigh to the official time all seemed to be consoled, and reconciled that in a few moments more their almost exhausted wishes would be happily realized. At 12:15 p. m. the long train of palace cars came thundering into the depot amidst the cheering and waving of handkerchiefs and the booming of cannon.

THE ADDRESS.

Immediately after alighting from the train the Vice-Royal suite and escort were led into the fancy-furnished part of the depot for the purpose of being presented with an address tendered them by the loyal citizens of Montreal. This was read and presented by His Worship, the Mayor. The interior of the depot was a mass of fluttering banners. Though the building is not one of the most excellent, still, notwithstanding, it presented an elegant appearance upon this occasion. The Grand Trunk Railway Company, regardless of expense, tried to render the event one which will not soon pass out of the minds of those who took part in it. A dais, raised about 18 inches from the floor of the depot, upon which, as a magnificent throne, elegantly finished with yellow-colored silk, sat the Marquis and Princess during the presentation of the address. The space in front of the throne was handsomely furnished with cardinal red material. Over head was a fine canopy, streaming with rich tapestry. Directly over it was the motto, formed of "gas jets," "Welcome to Canada." There was also to be seen the arms of Canada. Another motto, in gas jets, was "God Bless Our Queen." Aside from that (or in other words on the right hand) was the motto, "The Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise, we greet thee." Immediately in front of the dais were platforms, raised in the same way as those used at circuses, whereon sat the judges and other high officials and also the members of the press. The floor was tastefully covered with crimson-colored carpet and beautiful upholstered chairs. Within the sanctum sanctorum many ladies and gentlemen were profligate. Within this parlor (to use the expression) it was as dark as in a dungeon, which served to enhance the beauty of the occasion when the one thousand gas jets had been lighted.

THE DEPART.

Leaving the depot, the Vice-Royal

party entered the beautiful, specified carriage, drawn by four elegant horses, and the train took up the line of march.

THE PROCESSION.

So enthusiastic was the multitude, their hearts brimming over with joy, that they thought they were not paying sufficient honor to their new Governor, and they unhitched the horses from the Royal carriage, and, fastening a long, strong rope to the front axle, they drew the Vice-Royal party along the whole line of the procession to the Windsor, amid the shouts and cheering of the throng that lined the sidewalks.

THE ROUTE.

After leaving the depot the procession entered Bonaventure street until they reached Victoria Square, there, turning into Beaver Hall hill, moved leisurely up the street until they reached Dorchester, thence to the Windsor, where, before alighting from the carriage, the Marquis arose to address the people, but so uproarious was the crowd that he was obliged to cease, and entered the hotel, there to seek a few hours of rest and quiet from the great multitude and confusion.

THE ARCHES.

The first arch that was met while proceeding on the route was at the depot. This was, indeed, a fine specimen of workmanship. From the sides and top pediment the flags of many nations. Directly over the entrance was a locomotive, formed of iron pipes, perforated, which was to be lighted during the night. The next was near Victoria Square. This was very exquisitely finished, it being intended to represent a baronial castle in "Bonnie Scotland," and truly it preserved the effect. Passing along Beaver Hall Hill is met the extensive arch erected by the Montreal Snow Shoeing and La Crosse Clubs to the honor of the Marquis and Princess. Well, indeed, may the members of the clubs feel the thrill of joy passing through their very heart; truly their arch was a credit to them. At the Windsor loomed up the lofty and stately arch representing Inverary Castle, where the Marquis and Marchioness spent many quiet hours together. Around the entrance of this arch were mottoes, in Scotch, as follows:

"*Faillte dhuit a mheangain vasail Areal.*"

"*Faillte dhuit a mhean an Bann—righ Gradhach.*"

"*Comain nan Cuiddowhda Alban-nach agus Nnch Andrach do n' Mharcurus agus do n' Bhain—phreonn-
sa.*"

When the afternoon was pretty far advanced the military, fatigued, formed into line and passed before the grand entrance to the Windsor. His Excellency, and H. R. H. Princess Louise, appeared on the balcony to review them. The multitude cheered for a long time after the troops had passed. The immense assemblage of citizens began to turn their steps homeward, although a large crowd remained around the building. The St. Andrew's Society tendered a fancy ball to the Vice-Royal party in the palace ball-room of the Windsor the same evening.

THE ILLUMINATIONS.

In the evening the city was gorgeously lighted. The illumination was on the grandest scale, such as was never before witnessed by the citizens. Around the Windsor thousands assembled, thinking, perhaps, to catch a passing glimpse of the Marquis and Princess. There was no display of much note here; only at the grand entrance a circle of gas jets, bearing the names "Lorne" and "Louise." At about 8:45 p. m. the firemen paraded, bearing torches. Their number was small, about 50 men, headed by a brass band, and they marched to the Windsor. Carriages, dog carts, country wagons, and vehicles of every description were out in full force. Dorchester street was a thoroughfare of living mass. It was next to an impossibility to get through the crowd—to attempt to cross from one side of the street to the other would only be an act of foolhardy recklessness. On the corner of Dorchester and Beaver Hall Hill, where the La Crosse and Snow Shoes arch was erected, was great excitement. Carriages were not allowed to pass only in one direction, namely, on the way to the Windsor. Beaver Hall Hill was an entire mass of blaze. Houses had laid open their parlors, blazing lights peeping from the windows; candles were placed on boards in the windows, and gas was turned on to its fullest pressure, producing a beautiful effect on those who viewed it from the outside. Notre Dame, St. James, Craig, Sherbrook, St. Joseph, St. Catherine, and St. Lawrence streets were extensively illuminated.

The Marquis and Princess left this morning for Ottawa, amidst the booming of cannon at the Windsor. The streets along which the Vice-Royal suite passed on their way to the depot were as thronged as on the day of their arrival. We all wish them success and happiness on their route. I hope, Mr. Editor, you will insert the foregoing for the benefit of the deaf-mutes, who will take pleasure in reading the account, and I hope also that I have not been too extensive in my views, as I tried to be as brief as possible.
HARRY SMITH.
Montreal, Dec. 2, 1878.

Several arrests have lately been made in New York of parties charged with robbing hotel guests. The robberies are said to have been accomplished by using a long stick with a hook attached to it, the thief standing in the hall and reaching through the door or window above the door, while open, and fishing from the room the coveted articles.

NEW YORK INSTITUTION NOTES.

DEAR JOURNAL:—In my last letter I mentioned the ineffectual efforts of the members of the first (female) class to respond to Mr. Barnum's invitation to visit his great show at Gilmore's Garden in this city. After an heroic exhibition of patience they at length succeeded in accomplishing their object. Their original intention was to have made this visit on Wednesday of last week, but, the weather being in that interesting state appreciated only by umbrella dealers, any such visit was impossible. However, the gods favored them on Monday, the 25th inst., and accordingly at 11 a. m., with their worthy instructors, Miss Ida Montgomery, gallantly leading, they set out for the scene of the day's pleasure. Glancing along the line of fashionably-dressed young ladies, a quiet determination might have been observed in their countenances—to enjoy themselves to the extent of their abilities.

The next day, Tuesday, the High Class young ladies and gentlemen took their turn. They arrived at their destination a few moments before 1 p. m., and after a little waiting were admitted to the show, and spent therein a most delightful afternoon. All of them spoke with the big giant, and I learned that one of the young ladies invited him to visit our institution, an invitation which he accepted. If this be true, a strengthening of the floor and an extension of the main entrance would not be out of place.

The approach of Thanksgiving was hailed alike by teachers, officers, and pupils as a day when the busy, active cares of daily life would be laid aside and all could meet together in glad communion. The somewhat monotonous confinement in the school-rooms, the hard, dry lessons to be mastered, could be laid aside and all could give themselves up to the pleasures of the day. When it did come, it was, of course, duly observed by the suspension of school and work, and the substitution of more suitable emblems of thankfulness in their places. At 11:30 a. m. we all assembled in the chapel and united with Dr. Peet in giving thanks to God for the aid he has rendered, and the blessings he has showered upon us during the past year. The religious exercises continued till near one o'clock, when we were dismissed to prepare ourselves for the dinner, savory flavors of which found their way into the chapel, and I fear, sent some of us meandering off into thoughts—other-wise than religious. In order to give us sufficient time to get up a good appetite, the dinner was not served till 1 p. m. However, when the bell did, at length, ring, the pupils filed into the dining room, the tables in which were weighed down under the pressure of the good things with which they were loaded. The principal features of the feast were the inevitable stuffed and roasted turkey, relieved by mashed potatoes, pie, cranberry-sauce, and all the other variety of edibles which school-boys and school-girls know so well how to take care of. Grace being said, a sharp chatter followed. How we ate, laughed, and joked I don't intend to describe; indeed, it would take up too much space. Suffice it to say that in about an hour our gastronomical apparatus gave signs of fullness and we were compelled, from sheer exhaustion, to come to a stop. How many cases of overeating there are in the hospital I can't say; but, as Dr. Porter is unusually solemn to-day, I think some of our number must be in a rather critical condition, which even the frequent appliance of the stomach pump has failed to alleviate.

The pupils spent the afternoon in whatever way they pleased, but, as it will interest your readers to know what a few of us did, I will accompany them in their pleasure-seeking. The few I spoke of were those who participated in the Handicap games of the Scottish-American Athletic Club. Of course, as we expected, McPaul added another medal to his already large number, running against 115 competitors, and beating them all in fine style. This necessitated 6 or 7 trial heats, in each of which he came in first. The other, however, owing to various causes were not so successful. Emmons won his trial heat in the 75-yards run, but, being deaf, did not hear the summons for the second trial heat, and hence, through no fault of his own, failed. Fox started with 25 others on a track little more than 7 feet wide, and after a sharp run, and a good deal of bundling and nudging, succeeded in getting in fourth, which was pretty good considering that he had the smallest handicap excepting the scratchman.

All got back in time to attend the social reunion in the girls' sitting-room, which continued from 7 p. m. to 8:30. The usual number in attendance at these sociables was somewhat diminished owing to the absence of a great number of the pupils, who spent their Thanksgiving at home or with friends.
Washington Heights, Nov. 29, 1878.

CAN'T MAKE IT CONVENIENT.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—In reply to Mr. William Sullivan's suggestion, published in the JOURNAL I approve of the suggestion, but I am sorry to say that it was resolved that the second meeting of the Wisconsin Alumni should be held at Delavan in 1879. Therefore the resolution should not be violated. It is to be requested that the board of managers should meet at Delavan to transact business on the last Wednesday of December, 1878. The Press will please copy this. P. S. ENGELHART, Pres. of the Wis. D. M. Alumni. Milwaukee, Dec. 2, 1878.

Roads are in terrible condition.

CAN YOU?

Can you make a rose or a lily—just one? or catch a beam of the golden sun?
Can you count the rain-drops as they fall? or the leaves that flutter from tree tops tall?
Can you run like the brook, and never tire?
Can you climb like the vine, and never the spire?
Can you fly like a bird, or weave a nest, or make but one feather on a robin's breast?
Can you build a cell like the bee, or spin like the spider, a web so fine and thin?
Can you lift a shadow from the ground?
Can you see the wind or measure a sound?
Can you blow a bubble that will not burst?
Can you talk with looking glass and not speak first.

Oh, my dear little mite boy! you are clever and strong; and you are busy the whole day long, trying as hard as a little mite boy can. To do big things like a "grown-up" mite man! Look at me, darling! I tell you, true, There are some things you never can do.
H. C. N.

A LETTER FROM WILLIAM BAILEY.

BEVERLY, MASS., Nov. 26, 1878.
EDITOR JOURNAL:—On Thursday evening, October 17th, I took passage with two ladies in the train from Boston to Allyn's Point, seven miles from Norwich, and thence to New York city in a steamer on Long Island, through East River and Hudson River. The boat reached the city the next morning, and, after seeing the ladies safe with their friends living in the city, I took a ferry boat for Staten Island, six miles, where my sisters and brother live.

The island is a most delightful and enjoyable place of resort. The house where I stopped during my visit, is situated on the side of a hill facing the harbor that borders Jersey City, and New York city, and looking into the Narrows between the island and Long Island.

On Sunday, the 20th, I greatly rejoiced to see the time come for the worship of God. I went over to the city by the 1 o'clock ferry-boat. I afterwards had a long, sunny walk to St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes. Rev. Mr. Chamberlain conducted the service. After the service I went to see Mr. Atwood at the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes, who belonged in Boston, and then came back to the island.

On Friday, the 25th, I took the night boat for Albany, in place of the day boat, which was laid up for the season, and had a comfortable passage, but the night was so dark as to veil the view. I intended to go up by the day boat so as to view the Hudson River scenery. A panorama of the river scenery, lighted up by the full moon, which shone in all its brilliancy, afforded a sight which will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. It is really a most delightful ride, especially in the day light. It was a curious instance that Rev. Dr. Gallaudet was going down from Albany the same night the writer was going up there.

On Saturday morning, the 26th, after lunch, I went to the depot to take the 6:45 train for Rome, where I arrived before 1:20, and, after inquiry, I piloted myself to a hotel where Prof. Johnson boarded. He conducted me to Prof. W. M. Chamberlain, the right Pope I desired to see, but he was not at his house. When he was told of my presence, he thought me to be a gentleman of the same name from New York city, but after a clear explanation his eyes dilated wide. We met each other like Jacob and Joseph. How glad we were to meet face to face. I was shown through the institute. The teachers were sociable and courteous, and the pupils looked happy and smart. The principal, Mr. Nelson, is a very fine-looking man. I liked his looks very much. The institution is in a very flourishing condition. In the evening the boys and girls of the higher grade had a social in the dining-hall. They played laughable games, and danced. Mr. Chamberlain and myself had a good time conversing on many matters of interest.

On Sunday, the 27th, Professor Selney preached in the chapel from "Remember now thy creator in the days of thy youth." The discourse was instructive. After service I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with the editor of this paper. Professor Chamberlain gave me a hint that I could hold a religious meeting in the evening, but I was doomed to disappointment by the rain.

On Monday, the 28th, I went into the school-room to see how the pupils got along. They recited their lessons well. On Tuesday, the 29th, was the time for me to leave Rome. The writer said to the Pope, "Let then thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation," and departed with the hope of seeing each other again.

In the evening I was Mr. John Southwick's guest in Albany, and became acquainted with him before I took the 8 o'clock boat for New York city. I had a good chance to enjoy a talk with a minister by the name of Rufus Wendell, who could talk with me very well. He used to set type for Mr. Levi S. Backus, and had an opportunity to learn the alphabet and the sign-language. He once preached in Marblehead, and knew Prof. Chamberlain there.

Rome, a pleasant city of about 15,000 population, is situated on a tableland, is surrounded by attractive scenery, and is supplied with churches and schools, including an institute for the education of the deaf and dumb. Its streets are tastefully laid out, are wide, and are well kept.

On Saturday, November 2d, my sister, and cousin and myself visited Greenwood Cemetery, where my parents and niece are sleeping. We enjoyed a comfortable ride around the

cemetery with a driver whose long experience enabled him to impart to us an intelligent and interesting history of all the objects of interest within the grounds. Among the principal monuments was a noble one of a mother with a baby in her arms, which interested me much. On it was the following inscription:

"MOTHER."
"This stone is erected in grateful acknowledgment of your many virtues by the poor adopted boy who owes to your devoted kindness and Christian benevolence the culture and protection of his early days." The grave of one of the victims of the Brooklyn theatre fire appeared before us.

Greenwood Cemetery contains 450 acres. The length of the carriage avenues is 18½ miles, and that of paths is 164 miles. It has 9 lakes, of varying dimensions.

Sunday afternoon, November 10th, was the last Sunday there for me. My four friends went to St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn, to see Rev. Dr. Gallaudet hold a service in the chapel. They admired him, and were introduced to him after service. In the evening Rev. Mr. Cooke preached and Rev. Dr. Gallaudet interpreted, in St. Ann's Church, New York city. The subject was the work of going about doing good. It was interesting.

On Wednesday, November 13th, my sister and I took a nice ride over the elevated railroad to Central Park. We had a fine stroll around the park, and visited the menagerie of wild beasts, monkeys, and birds. It is worth seeing. In the evening I turned my face to the Home at No. 220 East Thirteenth street. They had a fair and reception. They had tables in the front room. There was work for sale which was done by deaf-mutes, and the hall was full of people. It was graced with the presence of nice boys and girls from the institution at Fort Washington. The bargaining was done in profound silence. I had the happiness to be treated to a supper of oysters and tea with a party of ladies and gentlemen, among whom was Mrs. George W. Schmitt, a very smart and strong-minded woman. I enjoyed a talk with her on religion. The fair was a success. Most of the articles were sold.

On Thursday, the 14th, I paid, in the custom-house, a visit to Wm. O. Fitzgerald, who has been there about 17 years. I had tea with James Lewis, who is well known as a missionary to deaf-mutes in and around New York city. I stepped into the basement of St. Ann's Church to see a lecture delivered by C. S. Newell. "Manhattan" was his subject.

Friday, the 15th, was the time for me to go back home. Prior to my leaving New Brighton, Staten Island, where I stayed four weeks, I gave my sisters a note saying "Farewell, New York, farewell my beloved Staten Island. I shall see thee again. May thou always be kind and generous to thy visitors. Adieu."

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet has done a noble thing through Mr. Lewis. An English deaf-mute lady came to New York city from England on a visit to her brother, who had lately lost his wife. Mr. Gallaudet applied to the British society to help send her back to England, and the society generously contributed the money for that purpose. She felt grateful, with her face, and hands towards heaven, and said that the name of James Lewis will be engraved on her memory as the man who was the means of saving her. She was safely put on board a steamer to sail back to her native country, where her husband and children live. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet is the great benefactor of deaf-mutes.

WILLIAM BAILEY.

MISS GRAY'S SURPRISE PARTY.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Our little community of mutes, here in Harlem, has been not a little agitated for the past week, owing to a long-talked-of surprise party, to be given Thanksgiving eve, to Miss Lenora C. Gray, of Brooklyn. Nine Harlemites were invited, and after much discussion as to what we should wear, &c., the day arrived. It dawned cloudy, but we all thought it might clear soon. That was a vain delusion, for at 1 o'clock the rain began to fall slow and sure. Mrs. J. Russell, who lives one block from me, ran down to ask if we should get ready, if it continued raining. I said we might as well go if it did not rain harder, seeing we had made preparations.

Well, at 3:30 it rained harder, and then I was in a dilemma for fear that the rest of our party, living nine blocks away, would not go. I ran up to Mr. Russell's and asked if he would go and see if the others had decided to go. He kindly did so, and returned with answer, "They would go if it poured." Well, we left on the late boat for Brooklyn, and, after a little adventure of losing our way once, arrived safe and sound at Mr. Juhng's, where we were to meet before going to Miss Gray's. After all had come we thought were likely to, we started, and before we got there, 14 blocks away, the rain actually poured down.

On arriving, those who did not bring a change of shoes, &c., were most kindly furnished by Miss Gray and her speaking sister, after which we assembled in their beautifully furnished parlor. It was indeed a complete surprise to Miss Gray, for when her sister was making preparations Lenora questioned "What for?" but her sister said, "You must not ask questions: I expect some friends to spend the evening." Lenora was quite satisfied, thinking it was some speaking friends, but afterwards was quite delighted to find they were most of her old deaf-mute friends. Many speaking and deaf-mute persons were absent on account of the rain. Games

were indulged in until near 12 o'clock, when Mrs. Juhng made a very appropriate speech and presented Lenora with a very pretty locket (in which she says she will put the pictures of herself and lover when she is engaged.) Some one ought to hurry up. Lenora replied with a pretty little speech and many thanks to all.

After one or two more games we marched to the dining-room, where it made our mouths water to see all the good victuals before us. We all did ample justice, you may be sure, and I would like to tell you what we had, but it would take too much room. When we returned to the parlor we had dancing and more games until 3 o'clock, when we thought it high time to leave. I cannot speak too highly of Miss Gray and her sister and brother-in-law for the courtesy and kindness shown us all, and I must say that they belong to that delightful class of people we seldom meet. They did every thing to make it enjoyable for us.

After leaving Miss Gray's we, Harlemites, returned to Mrs. Juhng's, to wait until the ferry-boats should begin to run more regularly, and at 4:30 a. m. we started for home, where we arrived, all right, a little before 7 o'clock Thanksgiving morning. I must not forget to say what fun those had who were able to keep their eyes open while coming up in the horse car, laughing to see the heads of the sleepy ones go bobbing up and down. It was an event that will long be remembered and laughed over by those who had the pleasure of being there. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Weinberger, Mr. and Mrs. W. Genet, Mr. and Mrs. J. Russell, Mrs. Bailey, and the writer, of Harlem; Mr. and Mrs. H. Juhng, Mr. and Mrs. Swartz, Mr. and Mrs. Kearth, Mr. and Mrs. Nobel, Miss Emmanuel, Miss McKeough, Mr. Hankinson, and Mr. John Clarke, and several speaking persons.
C. D. R.

Harlem, N. Y., Nov. 30, 1878.

A LETTER FROM DANIEL W. CARY.

PORTLAND, ME., Nov. 28, 1878.
EDITOR JOURNAL:—I have the pleasure of writing to you again.

To-day is Thanksgiving day, and the weather is rather disagreeable. We have no snow here, but may have some before long.

I left West Waterville for Waterville on foot, about five miles, on the morning of the 13th inst., for the purpose of making my cousin, Miss Ricker, (whose given name I do not know) a little visit, but I was doomed to disappointment in not finding her there, as she was visiting her parents in Hartford, Oxford county, Me. She is a teacher by profession, and is teaching in the Waterville Academy. She is said to be a superior teacher. After stopping in Waterville for half an hour or so, I thought I should walk eighteen miles to Augusta; but as it rained, I thought I had better go to Sidney, nine miles from Waterville, instead of to Augusta. While walking to Sidney, I found the traveling very bad, but managed hard to walk to that town, until I got there all safe and sound, though I was very tired. I stopped with John W. Abbott, a deaf-mute, over night, and on the afternoon of the 14th inst. my journey extended to Augusta, where I arrived all right before dark.

Saturday afternoon, November 17th, I left Augusta for Gardiner, where I stopped till Tuesday afternoon, the 26th inst., when I started for Portland by rail. Last Sunday I called to see Harry C. Burnham, a semi-mute, at the "New Mills," for a little while. He was educated at Hartford, Conn., seven years, and left there in 1877. He has nothing to do in Gardiner, but is working for his grandfather, on his farm in Litchfield, about six miles from Gardiner.

I am stopping at Mr. J. C. Merrill's now, and shall stay here until after the first of the week. Mr. Merrill's wife is my niece, and a sister to Miss Annie Louise Cary, the celebrated American singer. This brick house is owned by Miss Cary, and was bought of Judge Clifford, of this city, one year ago last September. It is a very large and elegant house, and the rooms are very well furnished. Oh! it is a very pleasant home for us all. Miss Cary is singing in St. Louis, Mo., now.

The Boston Herald of the 16th inst., says that one of the composers on the Lake Village (N. H.) Times is a deaf and dumb son of the late Rev. John S. C. Abbott, of New Haven. This deaf-mute man was once a member of the National Deaf-Mute College.

While in West Waterville, I took pleasure in reading an interesting book, "Sketches from Life." I will tell you an account of a deaf-mute. During the revival of religion in one of our New England villages, a clergyman's son returned home for a short visit. The boy was a deaf-mute, who had spent his first term in the asylum, just then commencing its history. His parents knew nothing about the language of signs, and the boy was an imperfect writer. It was almost impossible to converse with him any but the most familiar ideas. He then knew nothing of the revival. But before he had remained at home many days he began to show signs of anxiety, and at last wrote with great labor upon his slate, "Father, what must I do to be saved?" His father replied by writing, "My son, you must repent of sin, and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ." "How must I do this?" was the boy's next question. The father explained to him as well as he could, but the poor uneducated boy could not understand. He became more and more distressed; he would leave the house in the morning for some retired place, and be seen no more until the father went in search

of him. When the sun set one evening, the boy was found upon the top of the hay, under the roof of the barn, on his knees, his hands uplifted, and praying to God in the signs of the mutes. The distress of the parents became intense. They sent for one of the teachers of the asylum, and then for another, but it seemed that the boy could not be guided to the Saviour of sinners. There were enough to care for his soul, but there were none to instruct him.

Days passed—days of parental fear and agony. One afternoon the father was on his way to fulfill an engagement in a neighboring town, and, as he drove leisurely over over the hills, the poor, inquiring and hopeless son was continually in his thoughts. In the midst of his supplications his heart became calm, and the long-distracted spirit was serene in the one thought that God is able to do his own work. The speechless boy at last told how he loved his Saviour, and stated that he first found peace on the very afternoon when the spirit of his agonized father, on the mountains, was calmed and supported by the thought that what God had promised he was able to perform. The converted mute became an instructor of others, and every Sabbath day found him in one of our large cities, with a gathered congregation of fellow mutes, breaking to them the bread of Life, and guiding their attentive souls to that God who has power to do his own work.

I have had a nice turkey dinner this afternoon. Now it is raining, but it may clear off in a day or so.

There is a school for those who learn to articulate in this city, and it is situated on Free street. There are ten mutes in school, with two teachers. It is not in session now, but will begin next Monday. The school was started about a year ago.

There are eight deaf-mutes living in this city. Friday morning, the 29th inst., I went out to see a semi-mute man named Henry B. Harden, who attends the mute school here. He is a smart fellow, and uses language very well. He has been in school only two years. He lost his hearing when five years old. He came from Phillips, Me., and boards in this city. I shall leave here for Boston about the middle of the week.
Yours truly,
DANIEL W. CARY.

TIN WEDDING.

NEW YORK, Dec. 2, 1878.
EDITOR JOURNAL:—On the 18th of November Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Haight celebrated the tenth anniversary of their wedding, in the evening, at their mansion on Murray Hill, New York city. They had a very pleasant and social party of mute and hearing invited guests. Among them were Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D. D., Mr. H. Humphrey Moore, a most prominent artist, and his charming Spanish wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Haight were the recipients of tin presents, among which where a large kitchen toy, and a handsome tin slipper, which teemed with beautifully arranged flowers that pleased the party very much. They have one very bright boy of five years, and one very lovely daughter, nineteen months old. They have the best wishes of their friends for many returns of happiness till they celebrate their silver wedding.
Yours truly,
C. S. NEWELL.

FROM THE WISCONSIN INSTITUTION.

DELANAV, WIS., Nov. 30, 1878.
EDITOR JOURNAL:—A week ago to-day one of the mutes and I captured six squirrels.

There are 141 pupils here this term. We enjoyed Thanksgiving in a splendid manner here, and everything passed off lovely that day. A good many of the pupils enjoyed the Thanksgiving sermon at the M. E. Church. Professor Motte interpreted the words to us by signs. Six of the teachers were present at dinner. After dinner the most of the pupils met in the parlors. At 4 p. m. they all went in the gymnasium-building and looked on while some of the smart mutes performed. After it was over they all returned to the parlors and talked and played till 5 o'clock, and then we got ready for supper. At 7 o'clock we all met in the chapel, where some nice pieces were recited by some of the mutes. We next met in the parlor, and stayed there till bed-time.

There are occasionally a good many visitors here this term. Every Friday examinations take place. Mrs. McCoy's class comes next Friday.

We have a reading club here this term, and it works well.

We have a good workman in the shoe shop, and there is some nice work turned out, and also in the cabinet-shop, and printing-office all make themselves useful.

We are glad to hear that another of our schoolmates is in the National Deaf-Mute College, at Washington, D. C. This is H. Reed, with two others, J. J. Murphy, and Louis M. Larson. We all wish them Godspeed. We hope there will be others there soon from here.

The cold begins to pinch a little in this part of the State.

I had the pleasure of shaking hands with one of the oldest teachers, who came, I guess, about 23 years ago to this State. He resigned here a year ago. He is Mr. Hiram Phillips.

C. H. Rideout works at the shoe-maker's trade. He says he has all the work he can attend to.

—It is reported that Vanderbilt has secured control of the Eastern Division of the Chicago and Lake Huron Railroad.

SUNDAY READING.

ZACCHAEUS.

Luke 19-1. There was a man named Zacchaeus. He was the chief among the publicans—taxgatherers. He was curious to see Jesus and climbed a tree that he might see Him, little thinking that Jesus would look up into that tree and see him. Jesus looked up and saw him, and called him. Make haste and come down. He obeyed and received Him joyfully. So his curiosity led him to Christ, to receive and trust in Him as his Saviour. He showed the reality of his conversion by his purposeful restitution, as in verse 8: Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor, and if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him four-fold. He does not mean that this had been his way of doing in the past, but it was what he would do in the present and for the future. He had been wicked; he was not ashamed to confess his wickedness; and Jesus declares he came to seek and to save such—the wicked, even the lost. Verse 10: If a child is lost, all turn out and seek for it. The sinner's case is different; the child may find its own way back; not so man. A way of return must be opened; this Jesus did. He died to save, and then He seeks the lost and brings them back, as He sought Zacchaeus and found him in the tree, and brought salvation to him and to his house.

Then they who are found and brought back are to improve their talents in doing good, to seek the lost and bring them back, and thus occupy till Christ comes, as in verses 11-27: and then they who will not receive Christ must perish, be destroyed: verse 27. Seek the Lord while He may be found; call upon Him while He is near. Isa. 55-6, 7.

HOME PIETY.

It is in the family life that a man's piety gets tested. Let the husband be cross and surly, giving a slap here, and a cuff there and see how out of sorts everything gets. The wife grows cold and unamiable too. Both are tuned on one key. They vibrate in union, giving tone for tone, rising in harmony or discord together. The children grow up saucy and savage as young bears. The father becomes callous, peevish, hard, a kind of two-legged brute with clothes on. The wife bristles in self-defence. They develop an unnatural growth and sharpness of teeth, and the house is haunted by ugliness and domestic brawls.

Is that what God meant the family to be—He who made it a place for Love to build her nest in, and where kindness and sweet courtesy might come to their finest manifestations? The divine can be realized. There is sunshine enough in the world to warm all. Why will not men come out of their caves to enjoy it? Some men make it a point to treat every other man's family well but their own—have smiles for all but their kindred. Strange, pitiable picture of human weakness, when those we love best are treated worst; when courtesy is shown to all save our friends.

If one must be rude to any, let it be some one he does not love—not his wife, sister, brother or parent. Let one of our loved ones be taken away, and memory recalls a thousand sayings to regret. Death quickens recollection painfully. The grave can not hide the white faces of those who sleep. The coffin and the green ground are cruel magnets. They draw us further than we would go. They force us to remember. A man never sees so far into human life as when he looks over a wife's or mother's grave. His eyes get wondrous clear then, and he sees, as never, what it is to love and be loved; what it is to injure the feelings of the loved.

PRAYERS IN A CART.

The Rev. Mr. Spurgeon tells this story: A poor man who had a large family gave them a comfortable support while he was in health. But he broke his leg and was laid up for some weeks. As he would be for some time destitute of the means of grace, it was proposed to hold a prayer-meeting at his house. The meeting was led by Deacon Brown. A loud knock at the door interrupted the service. A tall, lank, blue-frocked youngster stood at the door, with an ox-goad in his hand, and asked to see Deacon Brown.

"Father, could not attend this meeting," he said, "but he sent his prayers and they are out in the cart."

They were brought in, in the shape of potatoes, beef, pork and corn. The meeting broke up without the benediction.

Many who pray, would do well, we fancy, sometimes to send their prayers in such a way.

"How was it possible for you to swallow so much nauseous fruit?" asked the master. Lokman answered, "I have received so many sweets from you that it is not wonderful that I should have swallowed the only bitter fruit you ever gave me." The master was so much charmed by this reply that he gave Lokman his liberty. The beautiful answer might teach us a lesson. We take the gifts from our Heavenly Father with a smiling face; but when He sees best for our good to send us something we do not like, our countenance falls, and even if we do not speak, our sullen discontent is apparent to all.

The meek shall live, but the proud shall be broken off and destroyed.

As we die to nature ere we live in glory so we must die to sin ere we can live in grace.

DESCRIBING HIS VISIT.

NATICK, Mass., Nov. 28, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Will you be kind enough to insert in your paper about my visit in Boston last week?

Wednesday evening I attended a very interesting lecture, which was delivered to the deaf-mutes, in Boylston Hall, by Mr. Frisbee, a very intelligent young man. The subject was "Sailors' Tricks." About 30 mutes were present in spite of the unfavorable weather. Mr. Frisbee graduated from the National Deaf-Mute College.

Thursday forenoon at 10 o'clock Mr. George Homer, of Boston, and I went to the Institution for the Blind in South Boston, and inquired if Miss Laura Bridgman, the blind deaf-mute, was at home, and they said "Yes." We went in, and soon she came in with a lady teacher, who introduced Laura to us. She seemed much pleased to have us visit her for half an hour. She enjoyed our conversation very much. We found that she was a very intelligent and refined lady. We could not find a mistake in her spelling. She enjoys good health, and is 50 years old. She told us that she had lately returned from her native place, Hanover, N. H., where she passed the summer, and had resumed her usual occupation in the work-room—examining, threading needles, and assisting the blind pupils in knitting. She is a very remarkable and industrious lady, although she is totally blind. She can do everything in fine style.

I saw in the Boston Evening Traveller that Prof. Stanley Hall is writing a scientific treatise on Miss Bridgman's case, and the book will be published some day. It will attract considerable attention among scientists. Miss Bridgman's former teacher, Mrs. Lawson, has published books on the life and works of Laura, for Laura's benefit. I have lately purchased one, which is very interesting. If any one of your many readers wish to purchase the books, they can send to Miss E. B. Webster, book-keeper, at the institution for the blind, South Boston, Mass. The price is \$2.00 each.

In the afternoon I took dinner with Mr. Homer, by invitation, and enjoyed myself with him very much. I regretted very much that I was not able to be present at the mission meeting for the deaf-mutes at Mr. George Kent's at Amherst, N. H., on the 10th of November, as I intended to go. I am very glad that it was a grand success.

Maufred Willis, a deaf-mute, formerly of Sudbury, lately of Lynn, Mass., came to Natick to live, but he has left town for parts unknown after a few months' residence.

I am glad to hear that Mr. Wm. H. Green, of Worcester, has succeeded in getting a good job in Washburn & Meon's Wire Factory in that city, and hope it will be permanent.

Miss Emma Stone, a deaf-mute, has moved back to this town from Wellsley, Mass., where she has been residing for a few years. She lives with her sister, and works at home.

Mrs. Caroline Clough, a deaf-mute, of this town, has lately returned home from her pleasant visit to Mrs. E. Denny, in Worcester. Mrs. Denny's mother is over ninety-one years old. She is very smart and can go down to the city shopping sometimes, without fatigue. Her mind is very clear, and she is as erect as an arrow. She knits many hours every day. May the Lord bless the good old lady, and may she live many years longer.

Prof. Job Turner came to town last October to see me for an hour, on his way to Worcester to preach. He is full of vigor and bids fair to live a good many years.

George W. Caldwell, a deaf-mute, has been peddling for some time near town, and I was told that he has lately found work in a wheel-wright shop in Saxtonville, three miles from this town.

The JOURNAL is a bright star, and shines over the world, and it is growing better every week. A. F. O.

A DEAF-MUTE'S DYING VISION.

[Re-published by Request.]

Some four weeks ago Carrie Wilson, an interesting little girl, aged about ten years, after a protracted illness, died at the residence of her parents, No. 1021 North Fourth Street. From the day she entered this care-laden world, her troubles began, for she was born a deaf-mute. Her parents were very poor people, able only by the strictest economy to shift from one year to another, and the little one, whose organs of both hearing and speech had been stricken by the Divine hand, was looked upon as something human, of course, but nothing more than a little bit of bodily ill, who would always in her helplessness have to be provided for. A few years ago her father died, and her mother found it doubly hard to support a large family of small children. About this time Mrs. Ann Bailey, a great-hearted Christian woman, residing at No. 2708 Chouteau Avenue, became acquainted with Mrs. Wilson's circumstances, and having a tender spot in her heart for the little unfortunate, for she also had a deaf daughter, concluded to adopt little Carrie. Mrs. Wilson was not averse, and after a few weeks' sojourn in Mrs. Bailey's family, Carrie was sent to Fulton, Mo., to be educated under the supervision of Mr. and Mrs. Tuttle. She spent two years there, acquiring knowledge with a degree of rapidity astonishing for one of her tender years, but her health, always poor, failed entirely, and she was brought back to St. Louis to die.

Mrs. Wilson had, in the meanwhile, married again, and being in better circumstances than when Mrs. Bailey adopted Carrie, requested that she be

once more placed under her care. The days went by, and the little innocent creature grew weaker and weaker, for consumption never relaxes its grasp from king or clod, princess or peasant. One forenoon Mrs. Bailey and her daughter Mattie received a message stating that Carrie was dying, and for them continually, and half an hour later they were at the bedside, where the large speaking eyes were taking on a happier expression.

Through her feeble signs she communicated the wish to be left alone with her benefactor, and when her relatives had left the chamber she related the following story through her own peculiar language:

At eight o'clock this morning she was all alone in the little room, her mother having adjusted the pillow and gone into another part of the building to attend to her household duties, and on looking up she saw her dear father bending over her. She was not frightened, for he seemed so kind and good, and his face was just like the portrait she had often looked at for hours at a time in Mrs. Bailey's drawing-room, the portrait of Christ at the well in Samaria. "He seemed pleased and happy," her little fingers said, "and, bending his head down by the side of my ear, he whispered, and I heard just as plain as any person could hear, 'Carrie my poor little afflicted lamb, you will soon have no more trouble; for I will take you to Jesus in just four hours.' Even as he said that, Mrs. Bailey, our clock in the other room, that I can see when the door is open, and it was open then, for mamma had left it that way so if I wanted anything, I could tap on the head-board and she would hear it, indicated just eight. 'Only four hours more, Carrie,' he said, and I heard it so plain, too, and when he took my face between his hands, that were so light and soft, and not a bit like they used to be when he was on earth before, he kissed me such a long kiss and left me.

"I began to feel easier, then; this pain in here (pointing to her heart), left me all at once, and I thought I could get up and play like I used to do before I got sick. Oh, I know papa will come for he was so earnest, and he never told me but one story, and that was about Santa Claus, and it wasn't a very big story. Don't you think he will, Mrs. Bailey? Oh!"

"The little hands ceased their rapid manipulations," said Mrs. Bailey, with a voice choking with emotion, "the eyes left mine and turned upward quickly, with a half smile, the feeble hands were raised half above her head, she gave a faint flutter like that of a wounded bird and then nestled down quite still."

"The tired, tortured spirit, that had never known one moment of unalloyed happiness on this earth, had gone out and on its way to the better land. I left the bedside, walked to the door, and opened it and lifted my eyes to the clock. The minute hand was just passing over the hour hand that told twelve o'clock."

—Herbert E. Wilcox was robbed of \$15,000 in a sleeping car while on his way from Chicago to Grand Rapids, Mich.

—An Alabama candidate for congress, having obtained \$1,000 from the campaign fund, took the money and bought a farm.

—Abraham Van Dusen, an old resident of Staten Island, committed suicide by hanging by the neck from a beam in the kitchen.

—Two saw-mills, a drill-house, salt block, 4,000 barrels of salt, and 2,000,000 feet of lumber burned at East Saginaw, Mich., December 4th.

—William H. Taylor, aged 16, missing from his home in Brooklyn since the 9th of November, was found selling newspapers in New York.

—The Manager of the Bank of Belgium, who defrauded depositors and others of \$4,000,000, has been sentenced to 15 years' solitary confinement.

—The California delegation in congress intends to press the passage of the bill now pending in the House prohibiting the naturalization of the Chinese.

—Three thousand cotton operators in Oldham, Eng., have unanimously resolved not to submit to a reduction of wages, and the employers are equally determined.

—The Law and Order Association procured 150 warrants from Justice Dean, on the 1st inst., for the arrest of Newark, N. J., liquor-sellers accused of violating the Sunday law.

—United States Minister Welsh, at London, Eng., lately paid over \$5,500,000 in gold to Great Britain, it being the amount due that Government according to the settlement of the Halifax Award.

—On the 25th ult. the Female Charitable Society of Newark, N. J., celebrated its 75th anniversary. Last year about 2,500 persons were aided at a cost of \$4,226. Several thousand pieces of clothing, bedding, and other articles were distributed.

—James Ainsworth, alias James Smith, alias "Broker Dick," who was arrested in New York with \$4,000 in forged bills on the Consolidated Bank of Canada in his possession, was last week sentenced by Judge Sutherland to the penitentiary for two years.

—Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne arrived at Halifax by the steamer Sarmatian on the evening of November 23d. On the voyage over, the Princess suffered somewhat from seasickness. Canada is aroused to an enthusiastic degree of loyalty over the royal arrival.

—Twenty lives were lost by the collision of the Morgan with the steamer

Cotton Valley, at 4 a. m. December 1st, on the Mississippi River, opposite Donaldson, La. The Cotton Valley sank in fifteen minutes. She was valued at \$18,000, and insured for \$10,000; the cargo was worth \$75,000, and was partially insured.

—The butter and cheese exported this year paid ocean freights to the Port of New York to the amount of \$1,000,000. These articles pay to railroad companies over \$5,000,000 for transportation, and the railroad freight money for milk is nearly as much as that of both cheese and butter. Loaders on railroad cars, ten tons to each car, the butter and cheese produced in the United States in one year would fill 23,000 cars, and make a compact line 135 miles in length.

—A riot took place at Mount Sterling, Ky., November 18th, in which twenty or thirty shots were fired, and two men were instantly killed and three seriously wounded. Marshal Young was mortally wounded in attempting to quiet the disturbance, and John Thompson, a disinterested party, was instantly killed by a shot fired through the window of a store in which he was employed. Three rioters were arrested, and the sheriff and his posse are on the trail of the rest.

—Governor Robinson has pardoned Michael Murphy, who was thrice sentenced, twice to be hanged and once to imprisonment for life, for the alleged murder of Mrs. Matilda Hujus, who was shot and killed at Nanuet, Rockland county, on the night of April 19th, 1874. Murphy had twice seen a scaffold erected on which he was to have been hanged, an appeal of his case having been taken to the Court of Appeals, and afterwards, on newly-discovered evidence, Governor Tilden, on the 21st of May, 1876, commuted his sentence to life-imprisonment. Later circumstances have developed tending to prove that the prisoner was serving a sentence for a crime of which he was innocent, and on Friday, the 22d inst., a son of the Governor delivered to the unfortunate man a full pardon. Since his incarceration in Sing Sing Prison till his release Murphy had been working at his blacksmithing trade in one of the convict shops. When the pardon was handed to him the prisoner was taken by surprise, and was nearly overcome.

Appointments of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and Prof. Job Turner for January and February, 1879.

Frederick City, Md., Jan. 8, 1879.	
Romey, W. Va., " 9 & 10 "	
Stanton, W. Va., " 11 & 13, "	
Richmond, Va., " 15, "	
Petersburg, Va., " 16, "	
Raleigh, N. C., " 19, "	
Cedar Springs, S. C., " 21, "	
Athens, Ga., " 23, "	
Atlanta, Ga., " 26, "	
Knoxville, Tenn., " 28, "	
Cave Spring, Ga., " 31, "	
Tallahassee, Fla., Feb. 2, "	
Montgomery, Ala., " 4, "	
Mobile, Ala., " 7, "	
Jackson, Miss., " 9, "	
New Orleans, La., " 11, "	
Savannah, Ga., " 13, "	
Charleston, S. C., " 14, "	
Columbia, S. C., " 16, "	
Wilmington, N. C., " 19, "	
Norfolk, Va., " 23, "	
Baltimore, Md., " 23, "	

Prof. Job Turner will officiate in Baltimore, and Dr. Gallaudet in New York, on the 23d of February. Mr. Turner expects to itinerate through Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee during the months of March, April and May. Then he will take the New England field again for the summer and a part of the fall. He has gone to Canada for two or three weeks at the request of W. J. Palmer, principal of the Ontario Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, who takes so deep an interest in the moral, intellectual, and religious welfare of the deaf-mutes of the Dominion. On his return from Canada, he will be in Buffalo, Rochester, Geneva, Syracuse, Rome, Mexico, Watertown, Albany, New York, &c.

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THE SUN FOR 1879.

THE SUN will be printed every day during the year to come. Its purpose and method will be the same as in the past: To present all the news of the world, and to tell the truth though the heavens fall.

THE SUN has been, is, and will continue to be independent of everybody and everything save the truth and its own convictions of duty. That is the only policy which an honest newspaper needs have. That is the policy which has won for this newspaper the confidence and friendship of a vast constituency than was ever enjoyed by any other American Journal.

THE SUN is the newspaper for the people. It is not for the rich man against the poor man, but for the poor man against the rich man, but it seeks to do equal justice to all interests in the community. It is not the organ of any person, class, sect or party. There need be no mystery about its loves and hates. It is for the honest man against the rogues every time. It is for the honest Democrat as against the dishonest Republican, and for the honest Republican as against the dishonest Democrat. It does not take its cue from the utterances of any politician or political organization. It gives its support unreservedly to men or measures are in agreement with the Constitution and with the principles upon which this Republic was founded for the people. Whenever the Constitution and constitutional principles are violated—as in the outrageous conspiracy of 1876, by which a man not elected was placed in the President's office, where he still remains—its idea of independence. In this respect there will be no change in its programme for 1879.

THE SUN has fairly earned the hearty hatred of rogues, traitors and humbugs of all sorts and sizes. It hopes to deserve that hatred not less in the year 1879 than in 1878, 1877, or any year gone by. The SUN will continue to shine on the wicked with unmitigated brightness.

While the lessons of the past should be constantly kept before the people, THE SUN does not spend its time in a magazine of ancient history. It is printed for the men and women of to-day, whose concern is chiefly with the affairs of this day. It has both the disposition and the ability to lead its readers the promptest, fullest, and most accurate intelligence of whatever in the wide world is worth attention. To this end the resources belonging to well-established property will be liberally employed.

The present disjointed condition of parties in this country, and the uncertainty of the future, render it of extraordinary significance to the events of the coming year. The discussions of the press, the debates and acts of Congress, and the movements of the leaders in every section of the Republic will have a direct bearing on the Presidential election of 1880—an event which must be regarded with the most anxious interest by every patriotic American. THE SUN will follow the course of the year, and the spread and strengthening everywhere of a healthy abhorrence of fraud in any form. To present with accuracy and candor the events of the year, and to explain the principles that should guide us through the labyrinth, will be an important part of THE SUN's work for 1879.

We have the means of making THE SUN, as a political, a literary and a general newspaper, more entertaining and more useful than ever before; and we mean to apply them freely.

Our rates of subscription remain unchanged. For THE DAILY SUN, a four-page sheet of twenty columns, the price by mail, post-paid, is 55 cents a month, or \$6.50 a year; or, including the Sunday paper, an eight-page sheet of fifty-six columns, the price is 65 cents a month, or \$7.80 a year, postage paid.

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THE SUN FOR 1879.

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THE SUN has been, is, and will continue to be independent of everybody and everything save the truth and its own convictions of duty. That is the only policy which an honest newspaper needs have. That is the policy which has won for this newspaper the confidence and friendship of a vast constituency than was ever enjoyed by any other American Journal.

THE SUN is the newspaper for the people. It is not for the rich man against the poor man, but for the poor man against the rich man, but it seeks to do equal justice to all interests in the community. It is not the organ of any person, class, sect or party. There need be no mystery about its loves and hates. It is for the honest man against the rogues every time. It is for the honest Democrat as against the dishonest Republican, and for the honest Republican as against the dishonest Democrat. It does not take its cue from the utterances of any politician or political organization. It gives its support unreservedly to men or measures are in agreement with the Constitution and with the principles upon which this Republic was founded for the people. Whenever the Constitution and constitutional principles are violated—as in the outrageous conspiracy of 1876, by which a man not elected was placed in the President's office, where he still remains—its idea of independence. In this respect there will be no change in its programme for 1879.

THE SUN has fairly earned the hearty hatred of rogues, traitors and humbugs of all sorts and sizes. It hopes to deserve that hatred not less in the year 1879 than in 1878, 1877, or any year gone by. The SUN will continue to shine on the wicked with unmitigated brightness.

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